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C. C. GOODWIN, - - - - - Editor.
J. T. GOODWIN, - - - - - Manager.

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SEE HERE, JOE.

United States Attorney Joseph Lippman, a word with you. By the grace of God and Senator Kearns you occupy a high position as a member of the Federal court of Utah. Joseph, you must not forget that. What would you think were you to hear that Judge John Marshall had slipped away to Ogden to manipulate some petty political deal between a political machine and a political church? It would not look well, would it, Joseph? It would look just as badly in you were you as exalted as Judge Marshall, and, in your ear, Joseph, if you keep in that business you never will be exalted. Next, people will be saying that when that office was given you there was an expressed or implied contract on your part to help the junior Senator's machine, either as an engineer or just an ordinary stoker, as the Senator might determine. Let that belief get out, Joseph, and your standing as United States District Attorney will be lowered. Once fastened on, Joseph, you can never get that pitch off your hands. Reed Smoot is a good man. For all that we know to the contrary, he may be a good apostle, but for Senator, think of electing a man whose abilities could never awaken a twinge of envy or jealousy in the heart of him who, under Providence, will be senior Senator from Utah after the fourth of next March. Do you want to be a party to that, Joseph? Have you no love for Utah, no pride in Utah? Then what's the use? You are almost as big a man physically as was Patrick Henry; send for his lamp of experience and see if it will not guide your footsteps up to a height where you will see that if the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints does not want Apostle Smoot to become Senator, your work in his behalf will be vain; if it does want him for Senator, it will, regardless of your efforts, be very apt to have him Senator, unless at the last moment, for a consideration, the leaders shall become impressed with a belief that the apostle's apostolic duties demand that he waive his personal political proclivities and settle down for another season to his missionary work among such heathens as Ed Loose, Judge John Booth and others out and in the asylum at Provo. Joseph, had you studied the scriptures as you should in your youth you would have learned that it is useless to try to down fore-ordination. If it is to be it will be. You are yet young, Joseph. To use a milesian expression, don't put your future behind you. These are days when people are watching; every political hair that you drop now will be picked up and numbered. Be careful about their color, Joseph, lest they come up to disconcert or confound you in the future. Do not for a moment imagine that an infallible machine living in unlawful cohabitation with an infallible church will make you infallible. There are fellows taking notes. Suppose you do your part to carry out a

certain political programme this week and next week you are called upon to prosecute some off-colored female charged with being a procuress; will you be able to summon up the gall to try to convict her before a jury of her peers? Go slow, Joseph. Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled?

Senator Kearns has announced that he has purchased a number of handsome paintings for his new home, "among them a picture of 'The Return of the Periodical Son.'"

That ought to be a hit in Utah.

WHAT WONDER.

For a good many years a steady contest went on here to prepare Utah for Statehood, for American Statehood in its highest and purest form. That Statehood was obtained at last on the express promise of the highest Mormon authorities that henceforth they and the church would abstain from coercing the political opinions of the Mormon people. The promise of the present head of the church was that there should be no more of it until "He who has a right to rule shall come." Well, after Utah had been a State five years we were treated to the exhilarating spectacle of the purchase from the late head of the church of a Senatorship, a purchase for money, and the recipient of the goods was a man about as well fitted for the place as one of Buffalo Bill's savages would be for the Belles-Lettres chair in the Utah university. But the purchase was ratified, the sale confirmed by the Legislature, every member of which had taken a solemn oath to fulfill the duties of his office to the very best of his ability and, as God gave him to see the right, for the best interests of Utah.

Still, shameful as the proceeding was, the shame was not all on one side. In the old days there were three classes of Gentiles in Utah. One was the Jack Mormon, who did not want anything to happen which would interfere with trade. Another was composed of men who insisted that the righteous laws of the Republic should be obeyed by Mormons and Gentiles alike. The third class was made up of Mormon-eaters who would not be reconciled, who looked upon all Mormons as utter aliens and enemies of the Republic.

We have watched closely, and we believe that every member of the first and third classes and some of the second, who has thus far aspired to office in the State has directly or indirectly besought the heads of the church to interpose their authority in his behalf. If those church officials have a supreme contempt for these hypocrites and frauds, and decide to run things their own way, what wonder.

There are many apprehensions for the future Cuba Libre. Its government already wants a large loan and save the four years of United States example, the Cubans have all their lives lived under the ancient Spanish practice of stealing more than 60 per cent of public moneys, come they from what source they might. The average Cuban does not believe in living by the sweat of his face, he prefers to sweat some other man's face. With a few bananas, a few cigarettes, and a straw hat, what more is needed in that climate?

He knows he can borrow trouble when he cannot borrow \$7 in cash, and why look for either the trouble or the cash?

WHY TRUSTS FLOURISH.

Many people wonder why the great trusts of the country cannot be downed. The chief reason is because what the trusts do in a large way is precisely what the majority of business men try to do in a smaller way according to their means and their abilities. The coal merchant who in the winter when the roads are blocked and the thermometer is at zero, says "God help the poor," and then to his clerk says, "Advance the price of coal a dollar a ton," is simply working his own little trust. Mr. Jones of Arkansas cried his eyes out for years over the iniquity of trusts, but at the first opportunity established one of his own that covered the entire cotton belt. Mills and Hogg of Texas were furious anti-trust men. They found oil and at once became monopolists only exceeded by the Standard Oil company.

Ex-Senators Towne and Pettigrew suddenly changed into warm advocates of the omnipotence of money after they had each made some fortunate speculations. Mr. Bryan himself is working a trust. He is running a newspaper and expects a mighty subscription list, not on the excellence of his journal, but upon his reputation as a continuous candidate for the Presidency, and his lip-love for all the poor and oppressed—who can vote. The labor unions are trusts. They claim special privileges for working men, and among those privileges is the privilege to boycott any workingmen who will not join their order. Coming down to local affairs, the Mormon church is the biggest commercial and political trust in its way in America, for its board of directors are self-elected in the first place, and their claim in the second place is that they are exempted from making any accounting, next that they never propose to pay any dividends, next that an assessment of 10 per cent a year is due from all members, and, lastly, that under their charter they have the right to control the business and the political convictions of all members of the order, and the power, in case of disobedience to destroy the prosperity of any member on earth and to damn his soul to all eternity in the world to come.

This, too, is under the Stars and Stripes in what is supposed to be free America, in a land founded on the theory of man's exact equality before the law, in a land the grand opportunities of which are supposed to be open to every citizen and the safety of which rests solely upon the intelligence and patriotism of the units which combined make the great America nation.

Is it any wonder that the trusts flourish with impunity?

Is it any wonder that the voters in their zeal to make money, that they, too, may build up a little trust somewhere, on election day fall down? The most terse exhibition of human nature supplied in history is that story of how after Moses had led the Israelites out of Egypt amid scenes more impressive than any people had ever witnessed before; when they had seen the first born die and the other afflictions in Egypt, had seen the power of Egypt overthrown, the chariots, the horses and horsemen in the Red sea; though the pillar of cloud led their way by day, the pillar of fire by night; though the rock had been smitten to give them water when fainting with thirst; though when they were starving for food manna fell to restore them; even when the quaking mountain, the blazing lightnings and thunder peals on Sinai were direct